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## THE BROKEN PROMISE.

There men kept no promises—or none  
At least with women—and yet, knowing this,  
With credulous folly still I trusted one,  
Whose word seemed as like truth that I forgot  
The lesson I had learnt full oft before,  
And I believed, because he said he'd come,  
That he would come—and then, night after  
night  
I watched the clouds and saw them pass away  
For the bright moon, and leave the clear blue  
sky  
As soft, and serene, and beautiful,  
As do promises were broken o'er  
By a man. Man forgets in his busy hours  
What he has promised he has said,  
Nay, how often women's happiness  
Is made of light words. It is not things  
Of great importance which affect the heart  
Of a body. Kisses often weave the net  
Of misery or of "bliss of human life,"  
That's a very deep, and sudden grief that  
comes  
From sources which admit of no complaint;  
Fountains of which we cannot dare not speak;  
As they seem but trifles, till the chain,  
Lax after lax, is fastened on each thought,  
And wound around the heart. They do their  
work  
In secrecy and silence; but their power  
Is more fatal than the open shafts  
Of sorrow and misfortune; and the prey  
Upon the heart and spirit, till the bloom  
Of life is changed to fever's hectic flush.  
They break the charm of youth's first, brightest  
dream,  
And they wear out the pleasure of the world  
As fast as length the very spring of life.  
It tells a woman's fate. It is not those  
Who speak, aspiring man. His mind is filled  
With wings and lofty thoughts, and love and  
hope,  
As all the warmest feelings of his heart,  
Are scorched at and a nation's shrine,  
He feels that the whole world was made for  
him,  
No broken promises, nor hopes destroyed,  
Are allowed a place on memory's page.  
To only woman, in her loneliness,  
And in the silent, melancholy hours,  
Who treasures in her heart the idle word  
That has no meaning, and who lives in hope  
That has stolen the color from her cheeks,  
The brightness from her eyes, who trusts her  
peace  
To a vast ocean of uncertainty;  
And she weeps, she learns her lot to bear,  
Or she may learn to die, but not forget.  
It is for her to hold her secret thoughts—  
To stand on broken promises, and sigh  
Over disappointed hopes, till she believes  
The crimes of wickedness in the wide world  
To be in her single heart

From the Three Experiments of Living.

## LIVING WITHIN THE MEANS.

(Continued)

The next day Jane went to see Mrs. Barber, and propose to her a plan of clothing her children, and providing a school for them. The woman expressed her gratitude, and Jane thought it but just to mention her benefactors. When she named Mrs. Hart among them, Mrs. Barber said, "indeed, madam, I do not ask her to give me any thing, if she will only pay me what is justly my due." Jane now looked, with astonishment, that the poor woman had washed in her kitchen, for nearly a year, without being able to obtain payment.  
"It was for that, madam, I sent to entreat her to come and see me, hoping she might be moved by my distress, and she did, you know, pay me a small sum; I have credited her for that, but it is a small part of what she owes me."  
"I hope," said Jane, after a long pause, in which her countenance discovered the workings of her mind, "I hope there are few such instances as this."  
"I never met with such a one, not exactly," added she, hesitatingly; "but indeed, madam, the rich little consider how important our wages for a day's work are to us. It would be bad manners in us to insist upon being paid immediately; and many's the time when I have deputed upon one day's labor for my children's food for the next."  
"It must be such a trifle to the rich, that if you only let them know you are going away, they will pay you."  
"It is because it is such a trifle to them, I suppose," said the woman, "that they cannot understand how important it is to us. Somehow or other, rich ladies never have any thing they call change, and they are very apt to say, 'they will remember it,' and 'another time will do as well,' and so it is as well for them, but not for us."  
Mrs. Barber's heart seemed to be quite

opened by Jane's sympathy, and she went on.

"Indeed, ma'am, I sometimes think there is more kindness towards the poor than there is justice. The ladies are very good in getting up societies and fairs to help us; but they very often seem unwilling to pay us the full price of our labor. If they would pay us well and give us less it would be better for us."

"Perhaps you are right," said Jane, "about paying for work; but only think how much good has been done by fairs!"  
"Yes, ma'am; good has been done to some, and injury to others. I know of a poor woman who was born a lady, and was reduced in her circumstances. Her health was very feeble, but still she was able to earn a living by making those curious little things they sell at fairs, but since the ladies have taken to making them, it is hard times with her, for she says the market is overrun."  
"The right way," said Jane, "would be to employ these people to work for others, and instead of the ladies making cushions and emerald-bags, to buy them ready made, and sell them again. Then charity would operate equally among the poor; for what one class could not make, another could, and labor would be exchanged."

"I don't know how it ought to be settled. Perhaps it is all right as it is; but we poor folks think we have our wrongs. For instance, ma'am, I sometimes do washing for people at boarding-houses. They will appoint me to come about nine o'clock in the morning to get their clothes. When I go, very likely they are not up. Then I must wait till they are,—sometimes an hour or more. All this is lost time to me; and time to daily laborers, is money. My husband was a carpenter, and he used to say that he gave the rich a great deal more than he got from them, for he gave them time."

"One fine lady and another would send for him, and ask him if he could put a shelf up here, or make a closet there, and after he had measured and calculated, perhaps they would come to the conclusion not to have any thing done, and he had his trouble for his pains."  
"All the wrongs you have mentioned," said Jane, "seem to arise from want of consideration, not want of benevolence."  
"That's pretty much what I said, ma'am, at first, that now-a-days there is more kindness to the poor than justice. If I was paid for all the time I have wasted in waiting upon the rich, sometimes for clothes, sometimes for pay; for I often have to go two or three times before I can find a lady at home; I should be better off than I am now. To be sure, it is but small sums that are due to us; but my husband used to say these ought to be paid right away, because they don't go upon interest, like larger ones."

"You seem to have thought a good deal on this subject," said Jane.  
"I take it," said Mrs. Barber, "that we must all think; at least I never saw the time when I could drive thoughts out of my head, though I am sure when you first took me up, it was bad enough to think; and if it had not been for my poor children, I should have been glad enough to have laid down in the cold grave, and thought no more in this world."

"How true was your remark," said Jane, when she related the poor woman's conversation to her husband, "that if Mrs. Hart spent so much upon her pelisse, she probably had little to give away! I am sure I shall never see a very costly dress again, that I shall not think of poor Maria."  
"You must not think all the wealthy are like Mrs. Hart, Jane. I believe such instances, in our city at least, are rare, and that few ladies would suffer a debt like this to go unpaid, and in the mean time give ostentatiously. At the same time it illustrates the inordinate indulgence of luxury, which seldom fails, I believe, to harden the heart and make people selfish. But I dare say, any body that looked in upon us reasoning so sagely upon the evils of wealth, would apply to us the table of the fox and the grapes."  
"I should like, however," said Jane, "to be rich once, if it was only to show others how much good riches might do."  
"Luckily," said Frank, "you would not be the first to illustrate this subject; we have had noble examples of munificence in our city. At present, Jane, it is wisest to turn our study towards seeing how much good we can do with a little."

Dr. Fulton's business increased with his reputation, and his reputation with his business. At the end of a year, he felt authorized to rent a small house, and begin house-keeping. Their arrangements were as economical as possible, and, on this occasion, uncle Joshua, who was first consulted, very kindly gave them more money than advice.  
Now, indeed, our young couple felt happy. There is something in home that gives dignity to life. The man, who can

say my home and my family, possesses the strongest influence that can operate on character.

It was a cold evening in December that they took possession of their little tenement. The first flight of snow was just beginning to fall, and the dark clouds were separated from the horizon by a pale streak of blue, watery light; but within the little parlor all was bright and cheerful. The fire sent its flickering beams through the apartment, enlivening the books and furniture, and resting on the cheerful faces of the young couple, now radiant with happiness.

"What do we want more?" said Jane, as they seated themselves at the tea-table. "All the world could not make us happier than we are now."

"There is great satisfaction," said Frank, "in having earned our comforts."  
"Yes," replied Jane, "even uncle Joshua has become a convert, and says we were wise to marry."

At that moment the door bell rung. It was a message from Mr. Harrington, requesting to see the doctor immediately.  
"How provoking!" exclaimed Jane. "I suppose he has taken it into his head that his throat is closing up, or that he has a fifth finger growing out of his hand. It is too bad, to disturb our very first evening at home!"

"You forget, Jane, that we owe a large proportion of our present prosperity to his whims; besides he has procured me many friends. I will be back as quickly as possible."

In a short time Frank returned; the tea-kettle again sent forth its hissing sound, and the tea-pot was again replenished.

Jane grew anxious about Mr. Harrington, and hoped he was not seriously sick. "How the wind blows!" said she. "Ah, if there is any thing that makes us feel the blessing of home, it is such a night as this."

But poor Jane was doomed to be disappointed. Again the door-bell rung. "I have no doubt," she exclaimed, "but Mr. Harrington has sent again." She was mistaken; one of the doctor's patients for whom he practised gratis, and furnished medicines. The boy said "his mother wanted the doctor to come right away that minute, for little Betsy had pulled a kettle of scalding water over her."

To this message Jane made no opposition; but hastened her husband's departure. Little Betsy was one of her proteges, and it was but the day before that, as she observed her at the infant school, she thought she should be perfectly satisfied with possessing such a healthy and intelligent child. In this respect she was soon gratified. As a mother Jane was exemplary in her duties; and, as the number of children increased, she might be truly said to share the laborious toil of the family. At first, she had but one female domestic, and then Mrs. Barber's little daughter was occasionally called in. Many a weary day and night did Jane cheerfully go through—sometimes she had to watch by a sick child till the morning dawn—and then came washing day, and she must hold her infant in her arms till night came round again. All these were labors of love, and brought their own reward. Frank's sphere of business continued to enlarge. He no longer trudged about on foot, but purchased a horse and chaise, and his leaden weight with it, to give the horse a hint to wait his master's pleasure. In short, he was acknowledged as one of the faculty, by his brother physicians, and of course, a man of consequence. The comforts of life gradually increased, though they did not lose sight of the principle with which they set out, of living within their means.

The close of every year left them a small overplus, which was scrupulously invested for capital.  
We fear there are few who sincerely repeat, "Give me neither poverty nor riches."  
This was the situation to which Frank had attained. Blest with health, a promising family, respected as a physician, and cherished as a friend; with the wife of his youth, the partner and lightener of his cares,—it seemed as if there was little more to desire. We talk of the blessings of an amiable disposition. What is it but the serenity of a mind at peace with itself,—of a mind that is contented with its own lot, and which covets not another's? They sometimes made a morning call at the houses of the rich and fashionable; but Jane looked at the splendid apartments with vacant admiration. It never for a moment entered her head that she should like such herself. She returned home to take her seat by the side of the cradle, to caress one child, and to provide for the wants of another, with a feeling that nobody was so rich as herself.

It would be pleasant to dwell longer on this period of Dr. Fulton's life. It was one of honest independence. Their

pleasures were home pleasures,—the purest most satisfactory, but they might have been elevated and increased by a deeper and more fervent principle.

Nature had been bountiful in giving them kind and gentle dispositions, and generous emotions; but the bark with its swelling sails and gay streamers, that moves so gallantly over the rippling waters, struggles freely against the rushing wind and foaming wave. Prosperous as Frank might be considered, he had attained no success beyond what every industrious, capable young man may attain, who, from his first setting out in life, scrupulously limits his expenses within his means. This is in fact his text-book and his legis. Not what others do, not what seems necessary and fitting to his station in life—but what he, who knows his own affairs, can decide in his reality fitting. Shall we, who so much prize our independence, give up, what, in a political view alone, is cross compared to independence of character and habits? Shall we, who can call master spirits from every portion of our land, to attest to the well-earned victory of freedom and independence, give up the glorious prize, and suffer our minds to be subjugated by foreign luxuries and habits? Yet it is even so; they are fast invading our land; they have already taken possession of our supports, and are hastening towards the interior. Well may British travellers seel, when they come amongst us, and see our own native Americans adopting the most frivolous parts of civilized life; its feathers and g-wags; our habits and customs made up of awkward imitations of English and French; our weak attempts at aristocracy; our late hours of visiting, for which no possible reason can be assigned, but that they do so in Europe! Let us rather, with true independence, adopt the good of every nation,—their arts and improvements,—their noble and liberal institutions,—their literature,—and the grace and real refinement of their manners; but let us strive to retain our simplicity, our sense of what is consistent with our own glorious calling, and above all, the honesty and wisdom of living within our income, whatever it may be. This is our true standard. Let those who can afford it, consult their own taste in living. If they prefer elegance of furniture, who has a right to gainsay it? But let us not all aim at the same luxury. Perhaps it is this consciousness of unsuccessful imitation, that has given a color to the charge made against us by the English, of undue irritability. Truly, there is nothing more likely to produce it. Let us pursue our path, with a firm and steadfast purpose, as did our fathers of the Revolution, and we shall little regard those who, after receiving our hospitality, retire to a distance and pelt us with rubbish.

Whether the following extract from a letter, written by one of the primitive and respectable members of our government, Judge Wingate, has been published, I do not know; but it bears honorable testimony of the simplicity of Washington's first public dinner, and is copied verbatim from the original letter.  
"I was a member of Congress when President Washington was inaugurated in his office, and at the first public dinner he gave. The President, the Vice President, the foreign Ministers, the Heads of Department of government, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and the Senators from New Hampshire, and the Senators from Georgia,—being the two States from the Northern and Southern extremities of the Union,—made the company at the table. It was the least showy dinner that I ever saw at the President's table, and the company was not large. The President made his whole dinner on a boiled leg of mutton. It was his usual practice to eat of but one dish. As there was no chaplain present, the President himself said a very short grace as he was sitting down. After the dinner and desert were finished, one glass of wine was passed round the table, and no toast. The President arose, and all the company, of course, and retired to the drawing room, from which the guests departed, as every one chose, without ceremony."  
We hope this digression will be excused, for the sake of the honest independence of our purpose. Hitherto Dr. Fulton had done what every other man may do, with health, capacity and industry. Without a symptom of quackery, he had a courteous manner of listening to the complaints of his patients, and a sympathy which arose from kind feeling. No one could appreciate this gentleness more highly than poor rich Mr. Harrington, who had been laughed at by his enemies, scolded by his friends, blistered by one physician, dieted by a second, and steamed by a third, till he was an epitome of human hypochondriacism. Frank soon saw that his case was an incurable one, and sought only to soothe and alleviate his sufferings. Perhaps Mr. Harrington learned to appreciate some of the bless-

sings of his own affluence, by witnessing the exertions that Frank and Jane were obliged to make. At any rate, he entertained much respect and regard for them, and was often heard to say there was more happiness in their "little bird's nest," than in a palace. At length, worn out by nervous disease, his emaciated frame found a refuge in its mother earth, and he quietly slept with his fathers. After his death, it was found that he had bequeathed to Dr. and Mrs. Fulton, as a mark of his regard, five thousand dollars. The sum was immediately invested as capital, and both resolutely declared that they would consider the principal a sacred deposit and not encroach upon it.

We have alluded to the increase of their family. The "little bird's nest" had become quite too small for the number of its inhabitants. Before Mr. Harrington's legacy, they had determined to take another house. Perhaps the bequest might influence them in getting a more agreeable part of the city, though they only gave as a reason, the health and advantage of their children.

## ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

Singular and fatal Prediction.—A most melancholy tale of real life is related in the last Madrid Journals. A gentleman named Don Gonzales L'loudres, is now being tried in that city for the accidental murder of his father and mother, some years since.

It appears that during Napoleon's invasion, Gonzales, then a youth and much devoted to his religious duties, on coming one day out of church at Cordova, where he resided, was accosted by one of those forlorn people called in Spanish gitanos (gypsies), who to operate more powerfully on his sympathies, promised to tell him his fortune, for which purpose he accompanied the individual to their encampment. There he was told that he would murder, in a certain number of years, his own father and mother; who, it was declared, had both sinned against their God. Gonzales was dreadfully impressed and made wretched with this, to him, unaccountable prediction, as he knew nothing to justify the imprecation against his respectable parents. He went home, and fell into profound melancholy. What was his horror to learn now, for the first time, that both his parents had been the tenants of convents and violated their vows. Immediately he became plunged in grief, and determined to avoid, if possible, the commission of the crime designated for him, by retiring, unknown to all the world, to some distant mountains; which he did, and in a solitary ravine built him a hut, and devoted himself to religion and hunting.

A beautiful brunette peasant girl, named Catalina, came across his path. He became enamoured and married her. Immediately, without the shadow of a cause, he was seized with a most fiend-like jealousy. One night, during a dreadful rain storm, while he was absent in the mountains, or prowling about his den, to find some apology for the passion which haunted him,—unknowingly to him,—two wandering aged persons, in distress, knocked at the door, drenched with rain, and implored for lodging. The benevolent and innocent Catalina admitted them; put her husband's clothes on the old man and hers on his wife, as theirs were wet; and learning to her extreme joy that they were the parents of her husband, wandering in search of him, placed them on her bed to obtain repose; and went herself to the chapel in the garden to offer up thanks for the fortunate event which had restored them to her.

Gonzales shortly after entered, with his double barreled gun, and seeing, to his astonishment, a man on his bed, and near him his wife's clothes, instantaneously supposing his suspicions proved, shot both his father and mother while asleep. What was his agony on learning from his wife who they were! The dreadful prediction was fulfilled. He became partially insane, and was finally brought to trial at Madrid. During the process, his wife exhibited the most touching tenderness towards him, verifying the beautiful remark of the Spanish writer, Melendez, that "Woman is a divine emanation, sent down to the earth to alleviate misfortune and console the unhappy." N. Y. Morning News.

"Is not gaining a great victory the most glorious thing in the world?" observed a lady to the Duke of Wellington, at the time of the occupation of Paris by the allies. The Duke replied, "It is the greatest of all calamities except a defeat." A memorable saying, and worthy the greatest man of this or any other age. London Age.

He who knows the world, will not be too bashful. He who knows himself will not be impudent.